APPEAR OF "EFFORMIS ASSOLD," "COM SAWTER," " MUCELE BERRY FLYP."

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The homeward tramp was accomplished in brooding silence. It was a silence most grateful to Tracy's feelings. He wouldn't have broken it for anything, for he was ashamed of himself all the way through to his spine. He kept saying to himself:

CHAPTER XIV.-CONTINUED.

How unanswerable it all is-how absolute y unanswerable. It is basely, degradingly selfish to keep those unearned honors, andand -oh, hang it, nobody but a cur---What an idiotic damued speech that Tomp-

sms made. This outburst was from Barrow. It flooded Tracy's demoralized soul with waters of re-freshment. These were the darlingest words the poor vaciliating young apostate had ever heard-for they whitewashed his shame for him, and that is a good service to have when you can't get the best of all verdicts-selfacquittal.

'Come up to my room and smoke a pipe

Tracy had been expecting this invitation and had had his declination all ready; but he was glad enough to accept now. Was it possi ble that a reasonable argument could be made against that man's desoluting speech? He was burning to hear Barrow try it. He knew low to start him and keep him going. It was to seem to combat his positions—a process effective with most people. "What is it you object to in Tompkins's speech. Barrow?" Oh, the leaving out of the factor of human nature, requiring another man to do what you

Do you mean-"Why, here's what I mean; it's very simple. Tompkins is a blacksmith; has a family, works for wages, and hard, too-fooling around won't furnish the bread. Suppose it should turn out that by the death of somebody in England he is suddenly an earl-income half a million dol-

wouldn't do yourself."

ars a year. What would he do?" Well. I-I suppose he would have to deeline to---"Man, he would grab it in a second."

"Do you really think he would?" "Think? I don't think anything about it; I

"Wny?" "Why? Because he's not a fool." "So you think that if he were a fool, he-

"No. I don't. Fool or no fool. he would grab th Anybody would. Anybody that's alive. And I've seen dend people that would get up and go for it. I would myself."

This was a balm, this was healing, this was rest and peace and comfort. But I thought you were opposed to nobili-

Transmissible ones, yes. But that's noth ing. I'm opposed to millionaires, but it would bedangerous to offer me the position."

"You'd take it ?" "I would leave the funeral of my dearest en emy to go and assume its burdens and respon-

Trucy thought awhile, then said: "I don't know that I quite get the bearings of your position. You say you are opposed to hereditary nobilities, and yet if you had the

chance you would---" Take one? In a minute I would. And there isn't a mechanic in that entire club that wouldn't. There isn't a lawyer, doctor, editor, author, thinker, loafer, railroad President,

saint-land-there isu't a human being in the United States that wouldn't jump at the Except me." said Tracy, softly.

"Except you!" Barrow could hardly get the

words out, his scorn so choked him. And he souldn't get any further than that form of words; it seemed to dam his flow utterly. He getuo and came and glared upon Tracy in a kind of outraged and unappeasable way, and said again: "Except you!" He walked around him inspecting him from one point of view and then another, and relieving his soul now and then by exploding that formula at him-"Except you!" Finally he slumped down into his chair with the air of one who gives it up. and said: He's straining his viscera, and he's break-

ing his heart trying to get some low-down job that a good dog wouldn't have, and yet wants to let on that if he had a chance to scoop an earldon he wouldn't do it. Tracy, don't put this kind of a strain on me. Lately, I'm not as strong as I was."

Well, I wasn't meaning to put a strain on you, Barrow: I was only meaning to intimate that if an earldon ever does fall in my way

"There-I wouldn't give myself any worry about that if I was you. And besides, I can

settle waat you would do. Are you any different from me?"
"Well-no." "Are you any better than me?"

O-er-why, certainly not." "Are you as good? Come."

"Indeed, I -the fact is, you take me so sud-

"Suddenly? What is there sudden about it? It isn't a difficult question, is it? Or doubtful? Just measure us on the only fair lines-the lines of merit-and of course you'll admit that a journeyman chairmaker that earns his \$20 a week, and has had the good and genuino culture of contact with mon, and care, and hard, ship, and failure, and success, and downs and ups and ups and downs, is just a triffe the superior of a young fellow like you, who doesn't know how to do anything that's valuable. can't earn his living in any secure and steady way, hasn't had any experience of life and its seriouscess, hasn't any culture but the artificial culture of books, which adorns but really doesn't educate-come. If I wouldn't scorn an earldom, what the devil right have You to do it?"

Tracy dissembled his joy, though he wanted to thank the chairmaker for that last remark. Prosently a thought struck him, and he spoke up briskly and said:

But look here: I really can't quite get the hang of your notions-your principles-if they are principles. You are inconsistent. You are opposed to aristocracies, yet you'd take an earldom if you could. Am I to understand hat you don't blame an earl for being and remaining an earl?" "I certainly don't."

'And you wouldn't blame Tompkins, or yourself, or me, or anybody, for accepting an sarldom if it was offered ?"

Indeed, I wouldn't." Well, then, who would you blame?" "The whole nation-any bulk and mass of

population anywhere, in any country, that will but up with the infamy, the outrage, the insuit of a hereditary aristocracy which they ean't enter on absolutely free and equal terms. Come, aren't you beclouding yourself with distinctions that are not differences?"

Indeed, I am not I am entirely clearheaded about this thing. If I could extirpate an aristocratic system by declining its honors. then I should be a rancal to accept them. And if enough of the mass would join me to make the extirpation possible, then I should be a rascal to do otherwise than help in the at-

"I believe I understand-yes, I think I get the idea. You have no blame for the lucky few who naturally decline to vacate the pleasant nest they were born into, you only despise the all-powerful and stupid mass of the nation for allowing the nest to exist." That's it. that's it. You can get a simple

thing through your head if you work at it long enough." Thanks."

"Don't mention it. And I'll give you som sound advice: When you go back, if you find your nation up and ready to abolish that hoary affront, lend a hand; but if that isn't the state of things and you get a chance at an earldom. don't you be a fool -you take it."

Tracy responded with earnestness and en-"As I live. I'll do it."

stumng."

Barrows laughed.
"I never saw such a fellow. I begin to think you've got a good deal of imagination. With you the idlest fancy freezes into a reality at a breath. Why, you looked then as if it wouldn't astonish you if you did tumble into an earl Tracy blushed. Barrows added: Earldom! Oh, yes, take it if it offers; but meantime we'll go on looking around in a

last year's almanac and stick to the sausage

modest way, and if you get a chance to super-

intend a sausage stuffer at six or eight dollars

week, you just trade off the earldom for a

CHAPTER XV. Tracy went to bed happy once more, at rest in his miad once more. He had started out on a high emprise-that was to his credit, he argued; he had fought the best fight he could considering the odds against him-that was to his credit; he had been defeated-certainly there was nothing discreditable in that. Being defeated, he had a right to retire with the honors of war, and go back without prejudice to the position in the world's society to which he had been born. Why not? Even the rabid republican chairmaker would do that. Yes. his conscience was comfortable once more.

He awoke refreshed, happy, and eager for his cablegram. He had been born an aristocrat, he had been a democrat for a time, he ns now an aristocrat again. He marvelled to find that this final change was not merely inalso marvelled to note that this feeling seemed a good deal less artificial than any he had entertained in his system for a long time. He could also have noted, if he had thought of it. that his bearing had stiffened over night, and that his chin had lifted itself a shade. Arrived in the basement, he was about to enter the breakfast room when he saw old Marsh in the dim light of a corner of the hall beckening him with his finger to approach. The blood welled slowly up in Tracy's check, and he said, with a grade of injured dignity almost

ducal: "Is that for me?"

"Yes." "What is the purpose of it?"

"I want to speak to you-in private." "This spot is private enough for me."

Marsh was surprised, and not particularly pleased. He approached and said: "Oh, in public, then, if you prefer. Though it hasn't been my way."

boarders gathered to the spot interested. "Speak out," said Tracy. "What is it you

WANT?" "Well, haven't you-er-forgot something?" "I? I'm not aware of it."

"Oh, you're not? Now you stop and think a "I rejuse to stop and think. It doesn't inter-

est me. If it interests you, speak out." "Weil, then," said Marsh, raising his voice to a slightly angry pitch. "you forgot to pay your board yesterday—if you're bound to have

it public." Oh. yes, this heir to an annual million or so had been dreaming and soaring, and had for-gotten that pitiful \$3 or \$4. For penalty he must have it coarsely flung in his face, in the presence of these people, people in whose countenances was already beginning to dawn an uncharitable enjoyment of the situation. "Is that, all? Take your money and give

your terrors a rest." Tracy's hand went down into his pocket with angry decision. But-it didn't come out The color began to ebb out of his face. The countenances about him showed a growing interest, and some of them a heightened satsfaction. There was an uncomfortable pause -then he forced out, with difficulty, the words:
"I've-been robbed."

Old Marsh's eyes flamed up with Spanish fire, and he exclaimed: "Robbed, is it? That's your tune? It's too old-been played in this house too often: everybody plays it that can't get work when he wants it, and won't work when he can get 'it.' Trot out Mr. Allen, somebody, and let him take a toot at it. It's his turn

next; he forgot, too, last night. I'm laying for One of the negro women came scrambling down stairs, as pale as a sorrel horse with

consternation and excitoment. "Misto Marsh, Misto Allen's skipped out."

"Yes-sah, an' cleaned out his room clean; tuck bofe towels an' de soap."

"You lie, you hussy!"

"It's jes' so, jes' as I tells you-en Misto Sumper's socks is gone, en Misto Naylor's yuther shirt."

He turned upon Tracy. "Answer up, now! When are you going to settle?"

"To-day, since you seem to be in a hurry." "To-day, is it? Sunday-and you out of work? I like that. Come, where are you go-

ing to get the money ?" Tracy's spirit was rising again. He proposed

to impress these people:
"I am expecting a cablegram from home. Old Marsh was caught out with the surprise of it. The idea was so immense, so extrava-gant, that he couldn't get his breath at first. When he did get it, it came rancid with sar-

casm: "A cablegram-think of it, ladies and gents -he's expecting a cablegram. He's expecting a cablegram—this duffer, this scrub, this bilk. From his father, eh? Yes, without a doubt. A dollar or two a word-oh, that's nothingthey don't mind a little thing like that-this kind's father don't. Now his father is-orwell. I reckon his father-"

"My father is an English earl." The crowd fell back aghast-aghast at the sublimity of the young loafer's "cheek." Then they burst into a laugh that made the windows rattle. Tracy was too angry to realize that he had done a foolish thing. He

"Stand aside, please. I--"

"Wait a minute, your lordship," said Marsh. bowing low: "where is your lordship going?" "For the cablegram. Let me pass."
"Excuse me, your lordship, you'll stay right

where you are."

"What do you mean by that?" "I mean that I didn't begin to keep boarding house yesterday. It means that I am not the kind that can be taken in by every hack driver's son that comes loafing over here because he can't bum a living at home. It means that you can't skip out on any such—"
Tracy made a step toward the old man, but

Mrs. Marsh sprang between, and said: "Don't, Mr. Tracy, please." She turned to ber husband and said: "Do bridle your her husband and said: tongue. What has he done to be treated so Can't you see he has lost his mind with trouble and distress? He's not responsible."

"Thank your kind heart, madam, but I've not lost my mind; and if I can have the mere privileges of stepping to the telegraph of "Well, you can't," cried Marsh.

"- or sending-"
"Sending! That beats everything. If there's anybody that's fool enough to go on such a chuckleheaded errand-" "Here comes Mr. Barrow-he will go for me

Barrow—"
A brisk fire of exclamation broke out: "Say, Barrow, he's expecting a cablegram." Cablegram from his father, you know."

"Yes, cablegram from the wax figger." "And say, Barrow, this fellow's an earl take off your hat! Pull down your vest." "Yes, he's come off and forgot his crown that

he wears Sundays. He's cabled over to his pappy to send it." "You step out and get that cablegram, Bar-

row; his Majesty's a little lame to-day." "Oh, stop," cried Barrow; "give the man He turned and said with some "Tracy, what's the matter with severity: you? What kind of foolishness is this you've been talking? You ought to have more sense."

"Fre not been talking foolishness; and if

"Oh, don't talk so. I'm your friend in trot ble and out of it, before your face and behind your back, for anything in reason; but you've lost your head, you see, and this moonshine shout a cablegram-"I'll go there and ask for it."

"Thank you from the bottom of my heart. Brady. Here, I'll give you a written order for it. Fir. now, and fetch it. We'll soon see." Brady flew. Immediately the sort of quiet began to steal over the crowd which means dawning doubt, misgiving, and might be translated into the words: "Maybe he is expecting a cablegram; maybe he has got father somewhere; maybe we've been just little too fresh, just a shade too previous." Loud talk ceased; then the mutterings and low murmurings and whisperings died out. The crowd began to crumble apart. By ones and twos the fragments drifted to the breakfast table. Barrow tried to bring Tracy in, but he sald:

"Not yet. Barrow-presently." Mrs. Marsh and Hattie tried, offering gentle and kindly persuasion, but he said: "I would rather wait—till he comes."

Even old Marsh began to have suspicions that maybe he had been a trifle too "brash." as he called it in the privacy of his soul, and he pulled himself together and started toward Tracy, with invitation in his eye; but Tracy warned him off with a gesture which was quite positive and eloquent. Then followed the stillest quarter of an hour which had ever been known in that house at that time of day. It was so still and so solemn withal that when somebody's cup slipped from his fingers and start, and the sharp sound seemed as indecorous there and as out of place as if a coffi and mourners were imminent and being waited for. And at last, when Brady's feet came clattering down the stairs, the sacrilege

seemed unbearable.

Everybody rose softly, and turned toward the door, where stood Tracy; then with a common impulse moved a step or two in that direction and stopped. While they gazed. young Brady arrived, panting, and put into Tracy's hand, sure enough, an envelope. Tracy fastened a bland, victorious eye upon the gazers and kept it there till one by one they dropped their eyes, vanquished and embar rassed. Then he tore open the telegram and glanced at its message. The yellow paper fell from his fingers and fluttered to the floor, and his face turned white. There was nothing there but one word:

The humorist of the house, the tall, raw oned Billy Nash, calker from the navy yard. was standing in the rear of the crowd. In the brooding over the place and moving some few hearts there toward compassion, he began to whimper, then he put his handkerchief to his eves and buried his face in the neck of the bashfullest young fellow in the company, a navy yard blacksmith, shrieked, "Oh, pappy. how could you," and began to bawl like a teething baby, if one may imagine a baby with the energy and the devastating voice of a jackass.

So perfect was the imitation of a child's cry. and so vast the scale of it, and so ridiculous the aspect of the performer, that all gravity was swept from the place as if by a hurricane. and almost everybody there joined in the crash of laughter provoked by the exhibition. Then the small mob began to take its revenge revenge for the discomfort and apprehension it had brought upon itself by its own too rash freshness of a little while before. It guyed its poor victim, baited him, worried him, as dogs to with a cornered cat. The victim answered back with deflances and challenges which included everybody, and gave the sport nev spirit and variety; but when he changed his tactics, and began to single out individuals and invite them by name, the fun lost its funniness, and the interest of the show died out along with the noise.

Finally Marsh was about to take an inning. but Barrow said: "Never mind now, leave him alone. You've no account with him but a money account.

I'll take care of that myself." The distressed and worried landlady gave Barrow a fervently grateful look for his championship of the abused stranger; and the pet of the house, a very prism in her cheap but ravishing Sunday rig, blow him a kiss from the tips of her fingers and said, with the darlingest smile and a sweet little toss of her head You're the only man here, and I'm going to

set my cap for you, you dear old thing. "For shame, Puss. How you talk! I never saw such a child."

It took a good deal of argument and persuaguises—to get Tracy to entertain the idea of breakfast. He at first said he would never eat again in that house, and added that he had enough firmness of character, he trusted, to enable him to starve like a man when the alternative was to eat insult with his bread.

When he had finished his breakfast Barrow took him to his room furnished him a nine. and said, cheerily:

"Now, old fellow, take in your battle-flag out of the wet; you're not in the hostile camp any more. You're a little upset by your troubles. and that's natural enough, but don't let your mind run on them any more than you can help; drag your thoughts away from your troublesby the ears, by the heels, or any other way, so ou manage it: it's the healthlest thing a body can do: dwelling on troubles is deadly -just deadly-and that's the softest name there is for it. You must keep your mind amused-you must indeed."

"Oh. miserable mo!" "Don't! There's just pure heartbreak in that tone. It's just as I say; you've got to get right down to it and amuse your mind, as if it was salvation."

"They're easy words to say, Barrow, but how am I going to amuse, entertain, divert a mind that finds itself suddenly assaulted and overwhelmed by disasters of a sort not dreamed of and not provided for? No-no, the bare idea of amusement is repulsive to my feelings. Let us talk of death and funerals."

"No-not yet. That would be giving up the ship. We'll not give up the ship yet. I'm going to amuse you; I sent Brady out for the wherewithal before you finished breakfast."

You did? What is it?" "Come, this is a good sign-curiosity. Oh. there's hope for you yet."

CHAPTER XVL.

Brady arrived with a box and departed, after saying: "They're finishing one up, but they'll be along as soon as it's done."

Barrow took a frameless oil portrait a foot square from the box, set it up in a good light without comment, and reached for another. taking a furtive glance at Tracy meantime. The stony solemnity in Tracy's face remained as it was, and gave out no sign of interest. Barrow placed the second portrait beside the first and stole another glance while reaching for a third. The stone image softened a shade. No. 3 forced the ghost of a smile, No. 4 swept the indifference wholly away, and No. 5 started a laugh which was still in good and hearty condition when No. 14 took its place in the

"Oh. you're all right, yet." said Barrow. You see you're not past amusement."

The pictures were fearful as to color, and atrocious as to drawing and expression; but the feature which squelched animosity and made them funny was a feature which could not achieve its full force in a single picture. but required the wonder-working assistance of repetition. One loudly dressed mechanic stately attitude, with his hand on a cannon, ashore, and a ship riding at anchor in the offing-this is merely odd; but when one sees the same cannon and the same ship in fourchanic standing watch in each, the thing gets

"Explain, explain these aberrations," said

Tracy.
"Well, they are not the achievement of a single intellect, a single talent—it takes two to do these miracles. They are collaborations; the one artist does the figure, the other the accessories. The figure artist is a German shoe maker with an untaught passion for art, the other is a simple-hearted old Yankee sailorman, whose possibilities are strictly limited to his ship, his cannon, and his patch of petrified sea. They work these things up from 25-cent tintypes; they get \$6 aplece for them, and they can grind out a couple a day when they strike what they call a boost-that is, an in-

spiration." People actually pay money for these calum-

"They actually do, and quite willingly too And these abortionists could double their trade and work the women in if Capt. Saltmarsh could whirl a horse in, or a piano, or a guitar, in place of this cannon. The fact is, he fatigues the market with that cannon. Even the male market, I mean. These fourteen in the pro-cession are not all satisfied. One is an old "independent" fireman, and he wants an engine in place of the cannon; another is mate of a tug, and wants a tug in place of the shipand so on, and so on. But the Captain can't make a tug that is deceptive, and a fire engine is many flights beyond his power." "This is a most extraordinary form of rob-

bery. I never have heard of anything like it. It's interesting." Yes, and so are the artists. They are per-

fectly honest men, and sincere. And the old sailorman is full of sound religion, and is as devoted a student of the Bible and misquoter of it as you can find anywhere. I don't know a better man or a kinder-hearted old soul than Saltmarsh, although he does swear a little sometimes.

"He seems to be perfect. I want to know "You'll have the chance. I guess I hear them coming now. We'll draw them out on their art, if you like." him, Barrow." To be continued.

MAKING A THERMOMETER.

It to Done Quickly, but with Great Accuracy, by Nineteen Persons.

The making of a thermometer may be either a delicate scientific operation, or one of the simplest tasks of the skilled mechanic, according to the sort of thermometer made. With the extremely sensitive and minutely accurate instruments designed for scientifiuses great care is taken, and they are kept in stock for months, sometimes for years, to be compared and recompared with instruments that are known to be trustworthy. But so much time cannot be spent over the comparatively cheap thermometers in common use. and these are made rapidly, though always carefully. The method of manufacture has been so systematized within a few years that the very cheapest thermometer should not vary more than a fraction of a degree from the

Whether the thermometer is to be charged with mercury or alcohol; whether it is to be mounted in a frame of wood, pressed tin, or brass, the process is substantially the same. Mercury is generally used for scientific instruments, but most makers prefer alcohol, because it is cheaper. The alcohol is colored red with an anillne dye which does not fade. The thermometer maker buys his glass tubes in long strips from the glass factories. The glassblower on the premises cuts these tubes to the proper lengths, and with his gas jet and blowpipe makes the bulb on the lower end. The bulbs are then filled with colored alcohol, and the tubes stand for 24 hours. On the following day another workman holds each bulb in turn over a gas jet until the colored filled, by its expansion, entirely fills the tube. It then goes back into the hands of the glassblower. He closes the upper end, and turns the tip backward to make the little glass hook which will help keep the tube in place in the frame.

The tubes now rest until some hundreds of them, perhaps thousands, are ready. Then the process of gauging begins. There are no marks whatever on the tube, and the flist guide mark to be made is the freezing point. 32 degrees Fahrenheit. This is found by plunging the bulbs into melting snow. No other thermometer is needed for a guide, for melting snow gives invariably the exact freezing point. This is an unfailing tost for any thermometer whose accuracy may be suspected. But melting snow is not always to be had, and a little machine resembling a sausage grinder is brought into use. This machine shaves a block of ice into particles, which answer the purpose as well as snow.

When the bulbs have been long enough in the melting snow a workman fakes them one by one from their icy bath, selzing each one so that his thumb mait marks the exact epot to which the fluid has fallen. Here he make a secretic process. with mercury or alcohol; whether it is to be mounted in a frame of wood, pressed tin, or

by one from their ley bath, seizing each one so that his thumb nail marks the exact spot to which the fluid has fallen. Here he make a scarcely perceptible mark upon the glass with a fine file, and goes on to the next.

The tubes, with the freezing point marked on each, now go into the hands of another workman, who plunges them, bulb down, into a vessel filled with water kept constantly at 64 degrees. A standard thermometer attached to the inside of this vessel shows that the temperature of the water is correct. Another tiny file scratch is put at 64.

Then a third workman plunges the bulbs into another vessel of water, kept constantly

tiny file scratch is put at 64.

Then a third workman plunges the bulbs into another vessel of water, kept constantly at 98. This is marked like the others, and the tube is now supplied with these guide marks, each 32 degrees from the next. A small tab is then attached to each tube, on which its number is written—for, owing to unavoidable variations in the bore of the tube each one varies slightly from the others.

With its individuality thus established the tube goes into the hands of a marker, who fits its bulb and hook into the frame it is to occupy, and makes slight scratches on the frame, corresponding to the 32,64 and 40 degree marks on the tube. The frame has a number corresponding with the number of the tube, and the tube is laid away in a rack amid thousands.

The frame, whether it be wood, tin, or brass, goes to the gauging room, where it is laid upon a steeply sloping table, exactly in the position marked for a thermometer of that size. The 32,64 and 40 degree marks must correspond with the marks upon the table. If they do not the error in marking is detected, and the frame is sent back for correction.

A long, straight har of wood or metal extends diagonally across the table from the lower right-hand corner to the upper left-hand corner. On the right this works upon a pivot, and on the left it rests in a ratchet, which lets it ascend or descend only one note hat a time. That notch marks the exact distance of two degrees. With the three scratches already make a mistake in the degrees if he tried. The marks use only two guide marks, but the best makers use the frame is next attached to the frame, and the thermometer is ready for the marks use only two guide marks, but the best makers use only two guide marks, but the best makers use three.

In the process of manufacture the ordinary thermometer goes through the hands of nine-teen workmen, half of whom are often girls and women. Some of the larger concerns in and near New York produce several hundred thousand instruments annually, and on every one of t

The Eud of a Connecticut Bull Case.

After the celebrated Winsted built case was ended on Friday the built was decorated with ribbons and flags and led through Main street. Upon the upper part of the built's appendage, where it ceases to be a tail and begins to be beef, the animal had a handsome bouquet made of white ribbons; his horns were garlanded with yellow ribbons, around his body was a surchagle, and each of his sides was crammented with an American flag. He was a gaudy looking bovine, and his appearance drew plenty of attention from the crowd of people on the streets. He is a small animal, not worth at the outside over \$12-he was sold a few months since for \$10-but this lawsuit, occupying nearly a week before a jury, with about sixty witnesses on both sides, has brought his total cost up to about \$500-that is, reckoning the costs on both sides, including lawyers fees. The man who lost the suit, not only loses the built, but as \$1 was given to the plantiff with the built the loser will have the costs of the suit to pay, besides his own lawyer's fees. Beef comes high sometimes—especially buil beef. From the Hartford Courant.

Speaking of Boston, Max O'Rell Sald D-Monsieur Blouet, speaking of the boasted culture of Bostonians, said:

"I have always heard that Boston prided itself on its love of literature, but I am inclined to think it is living off the fame of its ancestors. I am very sure that I never saw so many dime museums in any place. If we are to rudge Boston by its treatment of plays, it certainly has very poor judgment. I never saw so many good plays it all or so many bod ones succeed as I have seen in Boston.

Monsieur Blouet referred to the treatment of a well-known literary man in Boston and said:

"I will not give his name—he is well known in England and America. But in Boston he was a failure."

Was a — failure."
Monsieur said "damn" as if somebody had
been giving him lessons in classic English.

THE

CONSPIRACY OF MRS. BUNKER

IN THREE PARTS.

By BRET HARTE.

Copy tyle, 1892, by Francis Bret Butte

PART IL. During that evening and the next Mrs. Bunker, without betraying her secret, or exciting the least suspicion on the part of her husband managed to extract from him not only a rough description of Marion which tallied with her own impressions, but a short history of his career. He was a famous politician who had held high office in the South; he was an accomplished lawyer; he had served in the army; he was a flery speaker; he had a singular command of men. He was unmarried, but there were queer stories of his relations with some of the wives of prominent officials, and there was no doubt that he used them in some of his political intrigues. He, Zephas, would bet something that it was a woman who had helped him off! Did she speak?

Yes! she had spoken. It made her sick to sit there and hear such stories. Because a man did not agree with some people in politics It was perfectly awful to think how they would abuse him and take away his character. Men were so awfully isalous, too; if another mat happened to be superior and fine looking there wasn't anything bad enough for them to say about him. No! she wasn't a slavery sympathizer either, and hadn't anything to do with man's politics, although she was a Southern woman, and the MacEwans had come from Kentucky and owned slaves. Of course, he, Zophas, whose ancestors were Cape Cod Quakers, and had always been sailors, couldn't understand. She did not know what he meant by saying "what a long tail our eat's got," but if he meant to call her a cat, and was going to use such language to her, he had better have stayed in San Francisco with his Vigilante friends. And perhaps it would have been better if he had stayed there before he took her away from her parents at Martinez. Then she wouldn't have been left in a desert rock with-out any chance of seeing the world, or ever making any friends or acquaintances.

It was their first quarrel. Discreetly made up by Mrs. Bunker in some alarm at betraying herself; honestly forgiven by Zephas in rude, remorseful consciousness of her limited life. One or two nights later, when he returned, it was with a mingled air of mystery and satisfaction. "Well, Mollie," he said cheerfully, "it looks as if your pets were not as bad as I thought them." "My pets!" reneated Mrs. Bunker, with a

faint rising of color. "Well I call these Southern Chivs your nets. Mollie, because you stuck up for them so the other night. But never mind that now. What do you suppose has happened? Jim Rider. you know, the Southern banker and speculator. who's a regular big Iniin among the 'Chivs. he sent Cap Simmons down to the wharf while I was unloadin' to come and see him. Well, I went, and what do y'u think? He told me he was gettin' up an American Fishin' Company, and wanted me to take charge of a first-class

white man, and just the chap ez could knock them Evetalians outer the market." "Yes," interrupted Mrs. Bunker quickly, but emphatically. "the fishing interest ought to be American and protected by the State, with regular charters and treaties."

schooner on shares. Said he heard of me

afore, and knew I was an American and a

"I say, Mollie," said her astonished but admiring husband, "you've been readin' the papers or listenin' to stump speakin', sure." Go on." returned Mrs. Bunker, impatiently

"and say what happened next."
"Well," returned Zephas, "I first thought you see, that it had suthin to do with that Marion business, particklerly ez folks allowed he was hidin' somewhere yet, and they wanted me to run him off. So I thought he might as well know that I wasn't to be bribed, so I ups and tells him how I'd been lyin' off Sancelito the other day workin' for the other side agin him. With that he laughs, says he didn't want any better friends than me, but that I must be livin' in the backwoods not to know that Wynyard Marion had escaped, and was then at sea on his way to Mexico or Central America. Then we agreed to terms, and the long and short of it is, Mollie, that I'm to have the schooner, with a hundred and fifty dollars a month and 10 per cent. shares after a year! Looks like biz. ch, Mollie? old girl. but you

don't seem pleased." She had put aside the arm with which he was drawing her to him, and had turned her white face to the window. So he had gonethis stranger-this one friend of her life-she would never see him again, and all that would ever come of it was this pecuniary benefit to her husband, who had done nothing. He would not even offer her money, but he had managed to pay his debt to her in this way that their vulgar poverty would appreciate. And this was the end of her dream

"You don't seem to take it in, Mollie," contipued the surprised Zephas. "It means a house in 'Frisco and a little cabin for you on the schooner when you like."
"I don't want it! I won't have it! I shall

stay here," she burst out with a half-passion ate, half-childish cry, and ran into her hedroom, leaving the astonished Zephas helpless in his awkward constornation.

"By Gum! I must take her to 'Frisco right off, or she'll be havin' the high strikes here alone. I oughter knowed it would come to this?" But, although be consulted "Cap" Simmons the next day, who informed him it was all woman's ways when "struck," and advised him to pay out all the line he could at such delicate moments, she had no recurrence and weeks following she seemed calmer, older, and more "growed up;" although she resisted changing her seashore dwelling for San Francisco, she accompanied him on one or wo of his "deep sea" trips down the coast. and seemed happier on their southern limits. She had taken to reading the political papers and speeches, and some cheap American histories. Capt. Bunker's crew, profoundly convinced that their skipper's wife was a "wo-

ties of a "sea lawyer" superadded, marvelled at his bringing her. It was on returning home from one of these trips that they touched briefly at San Francisco, where the Secretary of the Fishing Company came on board. Mrs. Bunker was startled to recognize in him one of the two soutlemen who had taken Mr. Marion off in the boat, but as he did not appear to recognize her even after an awkward introduction by her husband, she would have recovered her equanimity but for a singular incident. As her husband turned momentarily away, the Secretary, with a significant gesture, slipped a letter into her hand. She felt the blood rush to her face as, with a smile, he moved away to followher husband. She came down to the little cabin and impatiently tore open the envelope, which bore no address. A small folded note contained the following lines:

man's rights" fanatic, with the baleful quali-

I never intended to burden you with my confidence but the discretion, taot, and courage you displayed on our first meeting, and what I know of your loyalty since, have prompted me to trust mysalf again to your kindness, even though you are now aware whom you have beined and the risks you ran. My friends with to communicate with me and to forward to me, from time to time, certain papers of importance, which, owing to the tyrannical espionage of the Government. ewing to the tyrannical espionage of the Government, would be discovered and stopped in passing through the express or Post Office. These papers will be left at your house, but here I must trust entirely to your wit and judgment as to the way in which they should be delivered to my agent at the pearest Mexican port. To facilitate your action, your husband will receive directions to pursue his course as far south as Todos Santos, where a host will be ready to take charges of them when he is signed. I have to take charge of them when he is sighted. I know am asking a great favor, but I have such confidence in you that I do not even ask you to commit yourself to a reply to this. If it can be done, I know that you will do it; if it cannot, I will understand and appreciate

Mrs. Bunker cast a hasty glance around her. and pressed the letter to her lips. It was a sudden consummation of her vaguest, halfformed wishes, the realization of her wildest dreams! To be the confident of the gallant but melancholy hero in his lonely exile and persecution was to satisfy all the unformulated fomantle faucies of her girlish reading. To be later, perhaps, the Flora Masdonald of a middle-aged Prince Charlie did not, however, voke any tudicrous associations in her mind. Her feminine fancy exalted the escaped duellist and alleged assassin into a social martyr. His actual small political intrigues and ignoble aims of office seemed to her little different from those aspirations of royalty which she had read about as perhaps they Indeed, it is to be feared that in foolish little Mrs. Bunker, Wynyard Marion had found the old feminine adoration of pretension and privilege which every rascal has taken advantage of since the flood. Howbelt, the next morning after she had re-

turned and Zephas had sailed away she flow a

red bandanna handkerchief on the little flag-

staff before the house. A few hours later a boat appeared mysteriously from around the Point. Its only occupant -a common sailorasked her name, and handed her a sealed package. Mrs. Bunker's invention had already been at work. She had created an aunt n Mexico, for whom she had, with some ostentation, made some small purchases while in San Francisco. When her husband spoke of going as far south as Todos Santos, she begged him to deliver the parcel to her aunt's mossenger, and even addressed it boldly to her. Inside the outer wrapper she wrote a note to Marion, which, with a new and amazing diffidence, she and even addressed it boldly to her. Inside the outer wrapper she wrote a note to Marion, which, with a new and amazing diffidence, she composed and altered a dozen times, at has addressing the following in a large, schoolgirl hand: "Sir, I obey your commands to the last. Whatever your oppressors or enemies may do, you can always rely and trust upon She who in despect sympathy signs herself ever. Mollie Rosalie MacEwan." The substitution of her malden marmel full seemed in her simplicity to be a delicate exclusion of her husband from the affair, and a cortain disguise of herself to alien eyes. The superscription. "To Mrs. Marion MacEwan from Mollie Bunker, to be called for by hand at Todos Bantos," also struck her as a marvel of ingenuity. The package was safely and punctually delivered by Zephas, who brought back a small packet directed to her, which, on private examination, proved to contain a letter addressed to "J. E. Kirby, to be called for," with the hurried line: "A thousand thanks, W. M." Mrs. Bunker drew a long, quick breath. He might have written more: he might have—but the wish remained still unformulated. The next day she ran up a signal: the same boat and solitary rower appeared around the Point, and took the package. A week later, when her husband was ready for sea, she again hoisted her signal. It brought a return package for Mexico, which she enclosed and readdressed, and gave to her husband. The recurrence of this incident apparently struck a bright idea from the simple Zephas.

"Look here, Mollie, why don't you come yourself and see your aunt. I can't go into port without a license, and them port charges cost a heap o' red tape, for they've got a fill-buster scare on down there just now, but you can go ashore in the boat and I'll get permission from the Secretary to stand off and wait for you there for twenty-four hours." Mrs. Bunker flushed and paled at the thought. She could see him! The letter would be sufficient excuse, the distrust suggestion a condonnation of her deceit. She haddratasked

tion of her deceit. She hadn't asked to go; he had offered to take her. He had only himself to thank.

But the political excitement in which she had become a partisan without understanding or even conviction, presently culminated with the Presidential campaign and election of Abraham Lincoln. The intrigues of Southern statesmen were revealed in open expression, and echoed in California by those citizens of Southern birth and extraction who had long held place, power, and opinion there. There were rumors of secession, of California joining the South, or of her founding an independent Pacific empire. A note for "J. E. Kirby" informed Mrs. Bunker that she was carefully to retain any correspondence that might be in her hands until further orders, almost at the same time that Zephas as regretfully told her that his projected Southern trip had been suspended. Mrs. Bunker was disappointed, and yet, in some singular conditions of her feelings, felt rolleved that her meeting with Marion was postponed. It is to be feared that some dim conviction, unworthy a partisan, that in the magnitude of political events her own pretty personality might be overlooked by her hero tended somewhat to her resignation.

Meanwhile the seasons had changed. The

hy her hero tended somewhat to her resignation.

Meanwhile the seasons had changed. The winter rains had set in: the trade winds had shifted to the southeast: and the cottage, although strengthened, enlarged, and made more comfortable through the good fortunes of the Bunkers, was no longer sheltered by the cliff, but was exposed to the full strength of the Pacific gales. There were long nights when she could hear the rain fall monotonously on the shingles, or startle her with a short, sharp reveille on the windows: there were brief days of flying clouds and drifting sunshine, and intervals of dull gray shadow, when the heaving white breakers beyond the gate slowly lifted themselves and sank before her like wraiths of warning. At such times, in her accepted solitude, Mrs. Bunker gave herself up to strange moods and singular visions; the more audacious and more striking it seemed to her from their very remoteness, and accepted solitude. Mrs. Bunker gave herself up to strange moods and singular visions: the more audacious and more striking it seemed to her from their very remoteness, and the difficulty she was beginning to have in materialising them. The actual personality of Wynyard Marion, as she knew it in her one interview, had become very shadowy and faint in the months that passed, yet when the days were heavy she sometimes saw herself standing by his side in some vague tropical surroundings, and halfed by the multitude as the faithful wife and consort of the great leader. President, Emperorshe knew not what! Exactly how this was to be managed, and the manner of Zepnas's effacement from the scene, never troubled her childish faney, and, it is but fair to say, her woman's conscionce. In the logic before alluded to, it seemed to her that all ethical responsibility for her actions rested with the husband who had unduly married her. Nor were those visions always roseate. In the wild declamation of that exciting epoch which filled the newspapers, there were days when the sanden enset of asqual of hall against her window caused her to start as if she had heard the sharp fusillade of that file of muskets of which she had sometimes read in history.

One day she had a singular fright. She had heard the sound of oars falling with a precision and regularity unknown to her. She was startled to see the approach of a large eight-oar barge rowed by men in uniform, with two officers wrapped in cloaks in the stern sheels, and before them the glitter of musket barrels. The two officers appeared to be conversing earnestly, and occasionally pointing to the shore and the bull above. For stern sheets, and before them the glitter of musket barrels. The two officers appeared to be conversing earnestly, and occasionally pointing to the shore and the bluff above. For an instant sho trembled, and then an instinct of revolt and resistance followed. She harriedly removed the ring, which she usually wore when alone, from her finger, slipped it with the packet under the mattress of herbed, and then peaked under the mattress of herbed, and prepared with blazing eyes to lace the introders. But when the heat landed, the two officers, with scarcely a glance loward the coffage, proceeded leisurely along the shore. Believed, yet it must be confessed a little piqued at their indifference, she snatched up her hat and sallied forth to confront them.

"I suppose you don't know that this is private property? she said, sharply.

The group haited and turned toward her. The orderly, who was tollowing, turned his face a side and smilled. The younger officer demurely lifted his cap. The edder, gray, handsone, in a General's uniform, after a moment's half-astounded, half-amused scrutiny of the liftle figure, grayely raised his gauntleted fingers in a military said.

"I beg your parion, madam, but I am afraid we never even thought of that. We are making a preliminary survey for the tiovarimont with a nossible view of fortifying the bids. It is very doubtful if you will be disturbed in any rights you may have, but if you are, the Government will not fail to make it good to you," It suppose the bluff is quite inaccessible from here?

"I loa't know about that, General. They

He turned carelessiy to the aide beside him.

I suppose the bluff is quite inaccessible from here?

'I don't know about that, General. They say that Marion, after he killed Honderson, escaped down this way," said the young man. "Indeed—what good was that? How did he get away from here?

'They say that Mrs. Fairfax was hanging round in a boat, waiting for him. The story of the escape is all out now."

They moved sway with a slight perfunctory bow to Mrs. Bunker, only the younger officer noting that the pert pretty little Western woman wasn't as sharp and snappyto his superior as she had at first promised to be.

She turned back to the cottage astounded, angre, and veryely alarmed. Who was this Mrs. Fairfax who had usuried her fame and solltary devotion? There was no woman in the beat that took him off: it was equally well known that he went in the ship alone. If they had heard that some woman was with him here—why should they have supposed it was Mrs. Fairfax? Zephas might know something—but he was away. The thought haunted her that day and the next. On the third came a more startling incident.

She had been wandering along the edge of her domain in a state of restlessness which had driven her from the incontony of the house when she heard the barking of the big Newfoundiand dog which Zephas had lately bought for protection and company. She looked up and sew the boat and its solitary sowers at he landing. She ran quickly to the house to bring the pagest.

the reason why. I will only ask you that when you are ready to receive the papers you will fly a small red pennant from the little flagstaff among the rocks. Believe me your friend and grateful debtor.

W. M.

**Started back in amazement. For the sitting room was already in possession of a woman will own as seated calmily by the table.

The stranger turned on Mrs. Bunker that frankly insolent glance and deliberate examples. The stranger turned on Mrs. Bunker that frankly insolent glance and deliberate examination which only one woman can give another. In that glance Mrs. Bunker fell herself in the presence of a superior, even if her own eves had not told her that in beauty, attre, and bearing the intruder was of a type and condition for beyond her own, or even that of any she had known. It was the more crushing that there also seemed to be in this haughty woman the same incongruousness and sharp centrast to the plain and homely surroundings of the cettage that she remembered in him.

Yo aw Mrs. Bunker, I believe, she said in languid Southern accents. "How de doh."

I am Mrs. Bunker," said Mrs. Bunker, shortly

in languid Southern accents. "How de doh."
"I am Mrs. Bunker." said Mrs. Bunker, shortly.
"And so this is where Cunnle Marion atosped when he waited fo' the boat to fake him of, said the stranger, glancing lazily around, and delaying with smiling involence the explanation she knew Mrs. Bunker was expecting." The Cundle said it was a pooh enough place, but I don't see it. I recken, however, he was two worried to judge and glad enough to get off. Yo ought to have made him talk—be generally don't want much prompting to talk to women II they're pooty."

"He didn't seem in a hurry to go," said Mrs. Bunker, indignantly. The next moment she saw her error, even before the cruel, hand-some smile of her unbidden guest revealed it.

"I thought so," she said lazily; "this is the place, and here's where the Cunnle stayed, Only yo oughth't have given him and yo self away to the first stranger quite so easy. The Cunnle might have taught yo' that, the two or three hours he was with yo."

"What do yon want with me?" demanded Mrs. Bunker, angrily.

Mrs. Bunker, angrily.
"I want a letter yo have for me from Cunnie

"I want a letter yo have for me from Cunnie Marion."

"I have nothing for you," said Mrs. Bunker.
"I don't know who you are."
"You ought to, considering you've been acting as messenger between the Cunnie and me, said the lady, coolly,
"That's not true," said Mrs. Bunker, hotly, to combat an inward sinking.

The lady rose with a lazy, lenguid grace, walked to the door, and called, still lazily, "Oh. Pedro".

The solitary rower clambered up the rocks and appeared on the cottage threshold.

"Is this the lady who gave you the letters for me and to whom you took mine?"

S. Senora."

and appeared on the cottage threshold.

"Is this the lady who gave you the letters for me and to whom you fook mine?"

"N. Sentora."

"They were addressed to a Mr. Kirby," said Mrs. Burker, sullenly. "How was I to know they were for Mrs. Kirby," "Mr. Kirby, Mrs. Kirby," "Mr. Kirby, Mrs. Kirby, and myself are all the same. You don't suppose the Cumple would give my real name and address? Did you address yo'r packet to his real name or to some one else? Did you let your husband know who they were for."

Oddly, a sickening sense of the meanness of all these deceits and subterfuges suddenly came over Mrs. Bunker. Without replying she went to her bedroom and returned with Col. Marion's late.

"Thank yo'. Mrs. Bunker. I'll be sure to tell the Cumple how careful yo' were not to give up his correspondence to everybody. It'll please him mo' than to hear yo' are wearing his ring—which everybody knows—thefore people.

"He gave it to me—he—he knew I wouldn't take money "said Mrs. Bunker, indignantly. "He didn't have any to give," said the lady, slowly, as she removed the envelope from her letter and looked up with a dazzling but cruel smile. "A So th'n gentleman don't fill up his pockets when he goes out to flaght. He don't tuck his maw's Bible in his breast pocket, clap his deur auntio's locket, big as a cheese plate, over his heart, nor let his sole leather eigyag case that his gyerl gave him lio round him in spots when he goes out to take another gentleman's fire. He leaves that to lanks!"

"Did you come here to insult my husband?" said Mrs. Bunker in the rage of desperation.

"To insult yo husband! Well—I came here to get a letter that his wife received from his political and matural enemy, and—perhaps I did." With a side glance at Mrs. Bunker's erimson cheek sho added, carciessty. "I have nothing against capt. Bunker he's a straightforward man, and must go with his kind. He believes in them. We couldn't bribe him if we wanted to. And we don't.

If she only knew something of this woman's relations to Marion—which she o

Somebody of some for it, not you, somebody of some for it, not you. That's all?

She drow back as if to lot the intruder pass, but the lady, without moving a muscie, finished the reading of her lefter, then stood up upitely each of the control of

(To be Constuded)